

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. L]

SATURDAY, June 11, 1803.

[No. 36.]

THE NUT-SHELL.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 275)

IT was no wonder, that Bendorf, by this means, should renew his claim to the favor of the ladies, and inspire Julia with the firmest resolution to employ every faculty for the recovery of the fugitive. She succeeded better than she could herself have hoped. Wherever he went on his return home, the image of Julia met his eyes in the fairest light, and that of Amelia thrown into shadow. The more he reflected on the transactions of the past day, the more shamefully he found he had been used by the latter, and the more nobly and generously by the former. Every witty sally of Julia was present in full force to his recollection: every one of her charms was new to him; "Oh, she is a noble girl!" was the conclusion of every soliloquy he held upon that subject.

She had invited him at parting to attend her next day to the theatre: "You are at present," added she, laughing, "left in a kind of widower's condition; and when the sun hides herself behind a cloud, the moon, you know, may sometimes venture to peep out."

"Oh, I assure you, fair Julia, that moon is to me——"

"Tell me that to-morrow, dear Bendorf. Exactly at five o'clock I expect you:" and she was gone immediately. Nothing gave Bendorf greater uneasiness, than these last words. He was but too sensible of the new passion that was springing up in his bosom, and was so honest as to acknowledge, that in spite of his little difference with Amelia, it was his duty to check it in the bud: nevertheless, his inward dissatisfaction, his respect for the rules of politeness, and his own inclination got the better. He was with Julia again, about five minutes from five, heard scarcely one scene of the whole play, but attended his fair companion home, in a state little short of intoxication. At parting, he was again asked, but as if wholly by chance, whether he would be of the party to-morrow for an airing, "I have kept you a place in our carriage," added she, taking him carelessly by the hand, "can you ride backwards, for you are now under my management, and I must take care that you catch no harm." He answered her question in the affirmative, made her half a promise to come; and after walking up and down his chamber, for two hours, in hesitation, said at last to himself, "only for this once," and so continued to play the same part, with only a few slight variations, for the space of six or seven days.

Yet Bendorf was by no means so exceedingly changeable, that he did not often reflect with anxiety on Amelia, and the means of appeasing her resentment. One word of favor from her would have brought the wanderer back to the right way; but, alas! she still refused to utter it: and since the last adventure upon the bridge, being still more confirmed in her suspicions, resolved to persist in keeping at a distance.

To a respectful letter, intreating her forgiveness, composed with all possible art, and sent to her by a special messenger, she condescended not to give any written reply: a verbal message, in the most scornful style, thanking him for his fine poem, was all that she sent him in return; which naturally tended to exasperate him the more. Julia's wit, on the other hand, was always equal; her attractions became daily more dangerous; an ardent declaration of his passion stood often hovering on his lips, and was as often swallowed again. He was just on the point of assuming courage to speak, when he heard that Amelia was returned to town. His good angel now interposed: awakening from slumber with new strength, he flew to her habitation, but was not admitted: thrice he repeated his application, and thrice was he repulsed from the door.

It would here be impossible to continue my narrative minutely, without

growing prolix, or rather tedious. It is enough, that the plague of human life, the unlucky race of tale-bearers, interfered in this matter, as in many others, and added to Amelia's resentment by a thousand stories, how often, and under what precise circumstances, Bendorf and Julia had been seen together. She now resolved to prove him in an exemplary manner. Of this sort of trial he soon became weary, and began to absent himself wholly from a door which he now found always shut against him. It is sufficient to add, that this behavior was looked upon by Amelia as high-treason; and that Julia, in consequence, soon beheld herself the declared mistress of his heart. He avowed his love, she confessed that it was mutual: her father gave his entire approbation, and in a few weeks their hands were united.

The news of this marriage threw next morning the whole town into astonishment. Amelia, who had previous intelligence that it was about to take place, was one of the first to congratulate Bendorf, and sent him a large packet of papers, accompanied by the following note:

SIR,

There was formerly a period, when from a certain connection, we frequently exchanged letters with one another. That period is now past; I shall do every thing in my power to forget it; and that I may no longer retain any thing to put me in mind of it, I here send you back your letters, and expect also from your generosity, the restoration of mine.

AMELIA MILDAU.

P. S. "Inclosed is a letter formerly received from your present wife. I consider it now, as much the same with one of your own."

Bendorf turned over hastily the whole letters, to find that of Julia: and was astonished, upon meeting with it, to read as follows:

Dearest Mildau,

I was very much surprised at your sending to apologize for a matter of so little moment: and still more surprised at the person you employed to bring me your apology. Your Bendorf, who dines with us, and from whom I have with great difficulty, stolen away for

two minutes to write this, does honor to your choice, by his cheerfulness and wit: the whole company is full of his praises. We paid him the usual compliment of drinking your health, and only think, the bashful swain blushed, and would fain have denied his passion. Forgive my father and me for depriving you of his company for a few hours to-day; you know, you will soon have him entirely to yourself. If, as he tells us, you are to leave town to day, may your journey be prosperous, and be assured, that you are saluted in idea, with true sisterly affection, by your

JULIA HILMER.

P. S. "Perhaps I may give Bendorf himself this kiss to deliver to you: may I venture so far? or are you jealous, my dear girl?"

Thrice did Bendorf read over this fatal billet. Every thing in the behavior of Amelia, which had hitherto appeared to him unaccountable, stood clear as sunshine to his eyes; he now comprehended the reason of her jealousy and passion at their last interview; he now knew whom he had to thank, for being so clearly convicted of falsehood; and he was even penetrating enough, to guess what Julia's motive had been for writing this letter.

Poor Bendorf! he was only doubtful of one thing; whether he should be angry or pleased—Repentance for his own conduct; resentment for Julia's cunning and concealment, spoke strongly on one side; but another voice, a voice which assured him, that Amelia's jealousy, would in all probability, have rendered him unhappy; that the ardent attachment of Julia, was shown very clearly in this step; that he was indebted to it alone, for his present felicity; this voice made itself be heard in its turn, and gave loud opposition to these reproaches.

While he was thus considering, and hanging in suspense, his young wife came into the room. Her beauty, which the raptures of the former night had tinged with somewhat of a paler hue, but which they had rather increased than diminished; her languishing eye, her melting kisses, her arm which she threw so tenderly around him, and her bosom so closely meeting his, banished immediately every other idea. He shewed her indeed the letter, but her frank acknowledgment, that it was dictated by

her wish to obtain him; her half sportive, and half solemn assurance, that he should never have reason to regret the exchange, put an end to all his remonstrances. He thanked her, by kissing her hand, and embracing her; was afraid he was unworthy of so much tenderness, and challenged even the gods themselves to show him a happier, a more fortunate man.

Deluded wretch! he did not consider, that every woman has at least two sides: that the mistress, the bride, and the young married lady, sets always very prudently the fairest of the two, in the clearest light; but that the other soon enough takes its turn. As a bridegroom, he had day after day, revelled in different companies, with Julia; and endeavored to make himself as agreeable as possible, to the numerous acquaintances to whom she introduced him; but as a husband, he soon began to find them tiresome. Nor was this merely as they robbed him of the time, which ought to have been devoted to necessary business; but the secretary, who had so often been invited out, must now, when, as the phrase is, he had got a house of his own, invites others as often in return; and he found that he saved little or nothing, when he dined abroad, although he spent a great deal when he had company at home. Julia drest with much taste; and her bridegroom had often paid her compliments upon it; but her husband now found reason to sigh over the milliner's and mantau-maker's bills; and even bit his lips with vexation, when he perceived her violent passion for play, which frequently cost her in one evening ten or twelve louis-d'ors, with as little remorse, as if it had been so many pence.

His house had now become a rendezvous for idlers of quality, for gamesters, and pick-pockets, and he, who had never felt in himself any strong attachment for the business of his office, now daily neglected it more and more; and his income diminished in the same proportion as his expences increased. He was indeed not a little astonished, with the sum total, at the end of the first year; he even made a firm resolution, to think of retrenching his household expences; but to think upon it was all the length he could go: one single request of his Julia, a single hint of the fortune she had brought him, and above all, his own inclination, carried him

again down the stream: he lived for five years in such a style, that on the sixth, he found there was now left nothing but the scanty income of his office.

If indigence brought him to murmur in secret, it brought Julia nearly to despair. No more card-money when she wished to play; no more ducats when a new silk arrived; no more credit, when she chose to give invitations. All this was too melancholy to be supported by Madam Bendorf, without contriving a remedy. In a metropolis, so amply provided with rich and luxurious libertines, it was impossible that a young, vain, and beautiful woman, should long want money, who was determined to gain it. Count Starrberg often visited Julia. He had the felicity to be very much in the good graces of the ladies, particularly those of the highest quality: for his conversation was trifling; his compliments silly, but sweet; his cloaths in the newest fashion, and his purse always well filled. He had long paid his principal attentions to Bendorf's young wife; but hitherto to no purpose: now, however, she seemed to invite his advances, and Starrberg was not the man who required such a hint to be repeated. He was about to make use of sumptuous presents, as the most likely means to facilitate his victory, and who knows but that the fortress itself, might have been thinking of a capitulation when an unforeseen event annihilated at once all his hopes.

(To be continued.)

OF MARRIAGE AMONG THE ARABIANS.

[From Niebuhr's Travels.]

THE Europeans are mistaken in thinking the state of marriage so different among the Mussulmans from what it is with Christian nations. I could not discern any such difference in Arabia. The women of that country seem to be as free and happy as those of Europe can possibly be.

Polygamy is permitted, indeed, among Mahometans, and the delicacy of our ladies is shocked at this idea; but the Arabians rarely avail themselves of the privilege of marrying four lawful wives, and entertaining at the same time any

number of female slaves. None but rich voluptuaries marry so many wives and their conduct is blamed by all sober men. Men of sense, indeed, think this privilege rather troublesome than convenient. A husband is, by law, obliged to treat his wives suitably to their condition, and to dispense his favors among them with perfect equality: But these are duties not a little disagreeable to most Mussulmans; and such modes of luxury are too expensive to the Arabians, who are seldom in easy circumstances. I must however, except one case; for it sometimes happens that a man marries a number of wives in the way of a commercial speculation. I knew a *Mullah*, in a town near the Euphrates, who had married four wives, and was supported by the profits of their labor.

Divorce, the idea of which is also regarded as horrid by the fair sex in Europe, is not nearly so common as is imagined in the East. The Arabians never exercise the right of repudiating a wife unless urged by the strongest reasons; because this is considered a dishonorable step, by persons who value their reputation, and throws disgrace on the woman and her relations. Wives are entitled to demand a divorce when they think themselves ill used by their husbands. Only profligate and impudent men, who have married without consideration will divorce their wives for slight causes.

An Arabian, in moderate circumstances, seldom marries more than one wife. And even the most considerable persons in the nation are often contented with one for life. Rich men, who are in a condition to maintain as many wives as they please, have often confessed to me that although they had begun to live with several wives, they had at last found that they could be happy only with one.

The Arabian women enjoy a great deal of liberty, and often a great deal of power, in their families. They continue mistresses of their dowries, and of the annual income which these afford, during their marriage; and, in the case of divorce, all their own property is reserved to them. Hence it happens, that when a man in narrow circumstances marries a woman of fortune, he is entirely dependent on his wife, and dares not divorce her.

It is absurd to say, as some travellers have, that the Mahometan wives are all slaves, and so entirely the property of their husbands, that they are even inherited by his heirs. In this representation, slaves purchased with money have been confounded with women of free estate, who dispose of themselves in the East just as in Europe.

The opinion, that women are slaves in Arabia, seems to have arisen from the mistaken notion, that fathers there sell their daughters to the highest bidder. It many times happens, no doubt, that a poor man, who has an handsome daughter, is pleased to match her with a rich man, from whom he may receive occasional presents. And rich voluptuaries, who choose to marry more wives than one, are obliged to take young women of low condition, who are compelled by interested parents, or seduced by splendor, to accept a husband who associates them with other wives, and at length divorces them.

Instead of selling his daughter, every man in tolerable easy circumstances, strives to give her a dowry, which may continue her own property. The marriage is made out by the *cadi*, and signed in his presence; and in it not only is her dowry secured to the wife but also a separate maintenance, in case of a divorce. The rich often give their daughters in preference to poor men, and consider their children as more likely to be happy, when thus settled, than if they were married to rich men. The wife is then mistress of all the property, and even of the house of her husband, and is not in danger of being sent away.

Many ridiculous stories have been told of the marks of virginity which an Arab expects when he marries a young woman. But most of these stories greatly exaggerate the truth. The Bedouins and the highlanders of Yemen, a rude and almost savage race, do indeed regard the want of those marks as a proof of dishonor and think themselves obliged to send a woman back to her relations, when her chastity cannot be thus evinced. But the inhabitants of the towns, being more civilized, never concern themselves about such a trifle; only, in case of such an accident, a son-in-law forces an addition to the dowry from his father-in-law, by threatening to

send his daughter home again, although he never actually does so. At Basra I heard of a single instance of divorce upon this ground and the man was of the lowest class of the people.

Many superstitious observances, respecting marriage still prevail in Arabia. The Arabs still believe in the virtue of enchantments, and in the art of tying and untying the knots of fate. The miserable victim of this diabolical art addresses some physician, or some old woman; for the old women are always skilled in sorcery. The Christians of the East have a still more certain remedy against the effects of witchcraft. They say masses for the person afflicted; and when, at last, the imagination of the poor patient has had time to recover, the honor of the cure is always ascribed to the powerful influence of the masses.

We imagine in Europe, that the inhabitants of the East keep Eunuchs for the guardians of their harams; yet Eunuchs are not common through the East, and in Arabia there are none. The Turkish Monarch keeps more Eunuchs in his seraglio at Constantinople than are in all the rest of his dominions. The Pacha of Aleppo had two, and he of Mosul one, whom he kept, because he had belonged to his father. It is wrong, therefore, to regard Arabia as the seat of Eunuchism. They are brought from Upper Egypt, but are mostly natives of the interior and little known provinces of Africa. The Arabians abhor the cruel operation which is requisite to render a man a fit guardian of the chastity of a haram.

Eunuchs born in a climate which has a tendency to inflame the blood, are not absolutely void of all passion for the fair sex. On the sea, between Suez and Jedda, I met with a Eunuch who travelled with his seraglio; and at Basra I heard of another rich Eunuch, who kept female slaves for his private amusement.

Much has been said in Europe concerning the origin of the practice of polygamy, so generally prevalent through the East. Supposing that the plurality of wives is not barely allowed by law, but takes place in fact, some of our philosophers have imagined, that, in hot countries, more women than men are born; but I have already stated, that

some nations avail not themselves of the permission given by the Mussulman law for one man to marry several wives. It would be unfair to judge of the manners of a whole people by the fastidious luxury of the great. It is vanity that fills seraglios, and that chiefly with slaves, most of whom are only slaves to a few favorite women. The number of female servants in Europe, who are, in the same manner, condemned in a great measure to celibacy, is equal or superior to that of those who are confined in the harams of the East.

It is true, that European clergymen and physicians settled in the East have presumed that rather more girls than boys are born here. I obtained some lists of Christian baptisms in the East; but some of those were filled with inconsistencies; and, in the others, the number by which the females born exceeded the males was indeed very trifling. I have reason, therefore, to conclude, that the proportion between the male and the female births is the same here as elsewhere. This proportion varies sometimes in Europe, as is proved by a recent instance of a town in England, in which, for some part of this century, more girls than boys have been born.

There are, it must be allowed, a good many Mahometans, who marry more wives than one, and at the same time keep female slaves; but to supply these mens harams a surplus of females is not necessary. Different accidents carry off a number of men, and those accidents are such as the women are not exposed to. In the East, women are more impatient for marriage than in Europe.—According to the ideas of Eastern manners, nothing is more disgraceful to a woman than to remain barren. Conscience obliges the women of those regions to desire that they may become mothers. A woman will, therefore, rather marry a poor man, or become second wife to a man already married, than remain in a state of celibacy. I have mentioned the instance of the poor Mullah, who married four wives, and lived by the profits of their labor. The men are equally disposed to marry, because their wives, instead of being expensive, are rather profitable to them. Nothing is more rarely to be met with in the East, than a woman unmarried after a certain time of life.

The Shiites are, by their law, per-

mitted to live for a certain time, by agreement, but without a formal marriage, with a free Mahometan woman. The Persians frequently avail themselves of this permission; but the more rigid Sunnites think this an illicit connexion, and do not tolerate it. In Turkey, a man who should cohabit with a free woman, without being married to her, would be punished by law.

NATIONAL SUPERSTITION.

AT Genoa, two Venetians, whose countrymen and the Genoese still keep up that inveterate hatred to each other which distinguished their ancestors, were present at an osteria, or wine-house, where the conversation of the company arose, not as it would in England, on politics and pleasure, but on the merits of St. John, the protector of Genoa, who, it was asserted had worked innumerable miracles, and was the greatest of all saints. If nature be so much the parent of patriotism, as to create in us an affection for those minuter objects in our native land, which the citizen of the world would regard with indifference, how much more powerfully must she operate on our passions, when we remember that on which the prosperity of our country is supposed to depend? The two Venetians were precisely in this predicament. They probably knew as little of St. John, as they did of St. Dennis; but St. Mark was the guardian of Venice, and consequently, their all in all. Resolved, therefore, to maintain his honor in opposition to this provoking eulogium of the Genoese on their patron, one of them observed, that the bones of his saint had worked more miracles, particularly in healing diseases, than all the apostles and saints; that in heaven he was next in rank to the Virgin and popes; and as much superior to St. John, as the patriarch of Venice was to the archbishop of Genoa. To prevent any reply to this, he and his friend left the room; but were soon followed by one of the company, who had the honor of bearing the great cross of a religious order in their church professions. This desperate enthusiast, on overtaking, stabbed the Venetian, who had spoken, to the heart; crying out with the blow, "St. John sends thee this, that the bones of St. Mark may heal thee." His friend, astonished at a deed so bloody, (though an Italian) applied to a magistrate for

justice, who, having heard the particulars, told him, that had a Venetian murdered a Genoese in Venice, no notice would have been taken of it; but that his complaint would probably be considered in a few days; and so indeed it was, even sooner than was promised; for early the next morning he too was found assassinated at the door of his lodgings.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THE article of the first necessity in a milliner's shop is the looking-glass; it is the first object which an *élégante* perceives on her entrance. Before she looks at the caps, she is sure to take a peep at those features which they are made to adorn, and this *couf d'ail* generally decides whether she will purchase or not. However becoming the cap or the hat may be, there are moments when she finds it the reverse. Whether from caprice, whim, or *ennui*, the very pattern which she admired yesterday shall appear to her *clumsy, frightful, horrible*, to-morrow: at such a moment, I would defy all the milliners in the world to make a bonnet to please her—nothing will answer.—“the milliners have no taste!”—Lud! this is detestable!”—In vain shall she try on every pattern in the place—she will buy nothing. But, on the other hand, if she be pleased with her pretty person, if her image in the glass smiles agreeably, looks killingly, sighs languishingly, appears divinely, the first hat that will cover her head will be charming, beautiful, delicious:—her choice is fixed; she buys instantly. It is, therefore, of the last importance to milliners to have a faithful glass, or, if possible, a flattering one.

Another article, no less essential, is a portable mirror; which placed behind, may with the assistance of her former, give the fair one a complete view of her entire person; for it is not sufficient to be handsome only on one side. No, no!—our Belles are not content, like our houses in Bond Street, to be finely tricked out, pointed, and embellished in front, but neglected in the rear.—They must see that they are graceful, bewitching behind as well as before, nay like Parthians, they are often more formidable when pursued, than in *rencontre*. Some how or other it appears, that there is scarcely a woman with an ugly face

who does not contrive to give herself a fine person. We suppose that it is easier to plump the bosom than the cheek, to shape the back more effectually than the nose, to hide the wrinkles in one place more successfully than in the other. How seldom can we go in the street without seeing a Beau attracted by a Belle walking before him! He admires the beautiful ringlets falling on her neck, the elegance of her shape, her graceful movement; he quickens his pace, he overtakes, he steals a side-long, passing glance: he darts forward like lightning. Conceive a comet advancing to the perihelion with accelerated velocity, and the moment he has turned the sun's face, shooting away into the regions of infinite space, with the same swiftness that he approached his centre of attraction, and you may have some idea of such an evolution, and such a disappointment. It is to these demi-beauties that the portative glass is so great an object; it enables them to usurp half the empire of the real Venus.

SINGULAR POLICE.

A FEW years since, James Malone, Esq, Mayor of Cork, imagining if he could strip the beggars of the miserable and sickly appearance they generally made, he should divest them of the strongest claim to the charity of the humane, came to the following agreement with one Geoghegan, one of the constables, who was by trade a barber viz.—He directed the barber to seize all the beggars he found strolling within the limits of the city, for each of whom he promised a reward; but instead of bringing them before him (the Mayor) he was to take them to his shop, and there shave, wash, dress, and powder them in the genteel manner. He seized about half a dozen, and with the assistance of razors, washball, scissors, and powder puffs, he so completely metamorphosed them, that those whom he apprehended as mendicants, when they left his shop, appeared like macaronies, at least upon the head. This laughable scheme was attended with such success, that the whole tribe (during Squire Malone's mayoralty) avoided his jurisdiction as carefully as if it was visited by a pestilence.

COMFORT FOR BACHELORS.

A GENTLEMAN who took some pains in ascertaining, about two years ago, the population of this country, has from local observations been able to furnish us with what he conceives to be the present state of Matrimony in England, and he elucidates the manner in which he has collected it, in the following way.—He observes, that if a man and woman, with little or no occasion, are often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, they are certainly man and wife. If a gentleman and a lady in the same coach, remain in profound silence, the one looking out at one side, and the other at the other side, it may fairly be imagined that they mean no harm to each other, because they are already married.

If a lady is observed presenting a gentleman with something side ways at arm's length, with her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that she uses to others, the gentleman is undoubtedly her husband.

If a gentleman and lady are seen walking in the fields in a direct line, twenty yards distance from each other, he strides over a stile and goes on *sans ceremonie*, it may be sworn that they are man and wife, without fear of perjury.

If a lady, whose beauty and carriage attract the eyes, and engage the attention of all the company, except a certain gentleman, who speaks to her in a rough accent, not being at all affected with her charms, it may fairly be inferred that it is her husband, who married her for love, but now slights her.

If a gentleman that is courteous, obliging, and good natured, to every body except a certain female who lives under the same roof with him; to whom he is unseasonably cross and ill-natured, it is to a certainty his wife. And lastly:

If a male and female are continually jarring, checking and thwarting each other, yet using the kindest terms and appellations imaginable; as *my dear*, &c. they are no doubt man and wife.

From the above observations, our correspondent has derived the following statement, and which we present to our readers, as an article that will afford them some amusement.

MATRIMONIAL TABLE.

Wives eloped from their husbands,	6,810
Husbands run away from their wives,	11,805
Married pairs in a state of separation from each other,	20,600
Married pairs living in a state of open war under the same roof,	955,115
Married pairs living in a state of inward hatred for each other, though concealed from the world,	311,600
Married pairs living in a state of coolness and indifference for each other,	1,550,650
Married pairs reputed happy in the esteem of the world,	5,510
Married pairs comparatively happy,	675
Married pairs absolutely and entirely happy,	45
Total of married pairs in England,	2,862,810

LONGEVITY

In the year 1740, two pictures of Centenarians were brought to the King of France at Compeigne. The first contained John Rovin, aged 174, and Sarah Dessen, his wife, aged 164, natives of Bannat of Tunirwax; where they were then living. They had been married 147 years, and had two sons and a daughter living, their youngest son was 116, and had two grand sons alive one 35, and the other 33. The second picture represented Peter Zorten, a peasant of the same country, who died January 25th, 1724, aged 183.

ANECDOTES.

A nobleman with a very short nose was continually ridiculing another whose nose was remarkably long: the latter said to him, one day, "You are always making observations upon my nose, my lord, perhaps you think it was made at the expense of yours."

Cujas had a daughter who was very handsome rather coquetish, and who had no dislike to men: the scholars were glad to quit the lessons of the father for the more pleasing company of the daughter, which they called, *commenting on the works of Cujas*.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 11th 1803.

THEATRICAL.

We understand that the Grand Heroic Pantomime of *La fille Hussar*, to be performed on Monday evening next, in which for the first time *living horses* with their riders armed and equipped for battle, are trained for review and action, and exhibit in scenes of the most striking nature, is beyond compare the most striking as well as pleasing exhibition of the kind ever brought forward in Europe.

On Wednesday morning, an elegant ship of 270 tons burthen, was launched from Mr. Thomas. Vail's building-yard, she is the property of W. and J. Cowley, her name is *The Bristol Trader*.

Last Saturday evening a severe storm of thunder and lightning was witnessed here: the principal part of the cloud containing the electric fluid appeared to the westward, and for a considerable time emitted almost incessantly the most vivid streams of fire, exhibiting a scene truly grand and awful. The house of Mr. John Mode, in Greenwich street, was struck, and considerably damaged: of thirty-two persons in the house at the time, not one was in the least hurt. The toll-house at Hackinsack-bridge, was struck and consumed with part of the bridge. At Bergen, two horses were killed.

A spring has lately been discovered in North-Castle, (West-Chester county,) which is said to possess qualities similar to the waters of Ball-town springs. Should this be the case; we may soon expect to see a fashionable watering-place established there, as it is only about a day's ride from this city.

OF WAR—AGAIN.

Captain Brown, who arrived here yesterday from Hamburg, spoke, May 26, the brig Nancy, Ward, of Boston, who left Liverpool May 8. Captain W. informed captain B. that the day he left Liverpool it was briskly reported that England had actually declared war against France.—We report this news as we receive it, and leave our readers to put their own construction upon it.

[Salem paper of June 6.]

A miser in Altona, lately gave an entertainment to a few friends. When the juice of the grape had evaporated, he waited on a justice, and begged to be committed to prison on a charge of having robbed himself of ten dollars!

A patent has been obtained in England for a *Metallic Cement* for covering and preserving the bottom of vessels.—It is a composition of pulverized metals, and costs but about 1-10 of the price of copper.

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, June 3.

ROMEO AND JULIET, *Shakespeare*, and
FEATS OF ACTIVITY, *Signor Manfredi*.

MONDAY, June 6.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED, *Mr. Morton*, and
EMBARRASMENTS OF
HARLEQUIN, *Signor Manfredi*.

WEDNESDAY, June 8.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, *Dr. Goldsmith*, and
FEATS OF ACTIVITY, *Signor Manfredi*.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, June 13th,
will be presented,
A comedy, in 5 acts,
CALLED,

The Wonder!

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

To which will be added,
A grand heroic Pantomime, called,

LA FILLE HUSSAR.

PROSPECTUS OF THE PANTOMIME.

Act 1. Scene, Chamber. Albert returns from the army to visit Sophia; but receives immediate orders to rejoin his corps; unable to bear this unexpected separation, he conceives the idea of deserting. Scene 2. An open place. The General reviews the Cavalry, and after giving his orders, mounts his horse, places himself at the head and leads them off. Scene 3. The mountain. The cavalry proceed on their march, Albert being last: when all have passed the mountain but himself, he dismounts, and deserts. Scene 4. Albert returns to

Sophia, but the commandant Major surprizing them together, orders him back : he refuses and is sent to prison. Sophia entreats, but is forced off by soldiers.

Act 2. The Major sends for Albert, and again orders him to rejoin the army : he passionately refuses and insults the Major, and is remanded to prison in chains. Sophia is sent for, and ordered to be confined in the tower. Scene 2. The mountain, at the foot of which is the lofty tower in which Sophia is imprisoned : she appears at the top : a Sentinel is below : she bribes the Sentinel to aid her escape. He taking off his belt, by means of a stone fastened to it throwing it up to her, she finds means to fasten one end to the tower and descends from a great height—when she is about escaping—another Sentinel, on the mountain, challenges and fires an alarm. Sophia faints with terror, and the Sentinel below hides her with his cloak : a file of men enter to enquire the cause of the alarm, are deceived and pass off. Sophia escapes. Scene 3. The Major informs the General of the criminal behavior of Albert, who is sent for and ordered back after hearing his sentence of death. Scene 4. The prison. Albert in chains. To detail this interesting scene would require too many words for this sketch—suffice it to say—that the faithful Sophia, disguised as a hussar, by the utmost address and perseverance accomplishes the escape of Albert, and is led to execution in his stead.

Act 3. Albert finds his flight over the Mountain opposed by a Sentinel on horseback : attacks and dismounts him : is himself attacked, but maiming his adversary, he proceeds on horseback over the mountain on full gallop—The alarm being given the Cavalry pursue. Scene 2. The Turkish army asleep : the Bashaw awakes : arouses his men : arranges them in order of battle. Albert offers himself and is accepted and appointed to a command. Military evolutions. Troops led to battle.

Act 4. Scene 1. The mountain.—Turkish army appears descending. Sentinel fires an alarm. Austrians rush to battle. The Austrians are worsted, the General on the point of being slain, when Albert returning to a sense of his duty, preserves the commander's life and turns the scales of victory. The Austrian army lead off their prisoners. Scene 2.

Albert being recognised as a deserter, the Austrians are leading him to prison : he demands rather instant execution, having learned that Sophia is condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his account. The General enters, acknowledges his obligations to Albert, and pardons him—he refuses pardon unless Sophia is likewise pardoned.—The General grants his request, and gives him an order for her release. Scene 3. Sophia in prison. She is released by Albert, and the General and Major consent to their union. Scene last. Grand Triumphant Military Procession.

In France where Pantomime is carried to its greatest perfection, *La fille Hussar* has had the greatest success of any thing ever known. It is hoped that the exertions made to get it up for the first time in America, will meet with the patronage, and add to the pleasure of the public.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday sennight, Mr. Samuel Bell, to Miss Eliza Capps.

On Wednesday evening, the 1st inst. Mr. Isaac A. Van Hook, esq. to Miss Susan Peek,

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. James Gillerd, to Miss Elizabeth Bancker.

Same evening, Mr. Henry Jackson, merchant, to Miss Catherine Sherwood.

At Perth Amboy, on the 2d inst. Theodore F. Talbot, esq. of this city, to Mrs. Eliza Cox, second daughter of Commodore Truxton.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. Benjamin Barbaric, to Miss Ann Van Tuyl.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Edmund Morewood, to Miss Jane Glover.

Same evening, Mr. Jonathan Ferris, merchant, of this city to Miss Ursula Catlin, of Connecticut.

Same evening, Mr. Zeno Archer, merchant, to Miss Ann McKenzie.

Same evening, Mr. Henry Bates, merchant, to Miss Frances Blaau.

On Monday evening, Capt. Thomas H. Merry, to Miss Sarah Maria Taylor.



Death.

At Teneriffe, on the 31st March, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Mary Barry, of that island. She had just completed an excellent education in England, and arrived at Teneriffe only eight days before she expired in the arms of her father.

At Holderness, the Hon. Samuel Livermore, aged 74, late a Senator in Congress, and formerly Chief Justice of the state of New Hampshire.

In England, the Rt. Hon. the Countess Dowager of Chatham, aged 83, relict of the great Earl of Chatham, and mother of the present Mr. Pitt.

In France, L. Leroux, one of the Conservative Senate.

At Belville, in Tennessee, captain Edward Butler, of the 2d regiment of Infantry, in the army of the United States.

WHAITES & CHARTERS, PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

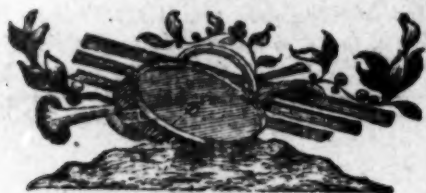
N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

DRAWING SCHOOL. JARVIS AND WOOD,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious apartments late Chilton's Academy, two doors east from the Theatre, Broadway, where they hope by their united exertions, and a strict attention to their profession, to merit the future encouragement of the public.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.



SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN PAGE 256.

Naked-Bosom.

THE CANDELABRA.

"A dear-bought Bargain all things duly weigh'd."

ATTE^ND my lay each gentle nymph and swain,
 Whilst I rehearse in tragi-comic strain,
 The dire contentions 'twixt two virgins fair,
 Who met like rival lawyers at the bar.
 Their age—but here reluctant flows my rhyme,
 This, young and fair,—that, rather past her prime:
 The place of action next I will relate,
 And the grand cause of this contention state.
 The scene an auction, where a lovely prize,
 Two Candlesticks struck each beholder's eyes;
 Of polish'd glass, and curious form they were,
 With dazzling lustres dangling here and there.
 At sight of these the combatants were fir'd,
 Alike they prais'd, and each alike desir'd:
 But Dolotea, (so was the elder nam'd)
 Fetch'd a deep sigh, and to herself exclaim'd;
 Great Jupiter! (then heav'd another sigh)
 Give me those baubles, or alas! I die.

High in his rostrum stood the auctioneer,
 Thund'ring their value in each list'ning ear;—
 "Suppose five shillings to begin we fix,—"
 The words scarce spoke another cries out six;
 Quickly the sound reverberates back again,
 Rising from sev'n to eight, from nine to ten:
 Warm grew the contest as the price advanc'd,
 Their fierce desires the value much enhanc'd;
 Each firm and resolute supports her cause,
 To two pounds five:—and here ensued a pause:
 "What, five and forty shilling and no more!"
 Burst from the rostrum—"Ladies, don't give o'er:"
 Till tir'd with hallooing, and his breath quite spent,
 "'Tis gone," he cried, and down the hammer went.

Here Dolotea with indignant eyes,
 Sees her young rival bearing off the prize;
 "Stop, stop," she cried, good Mr. Auctioneer,
 "'Twas two pounds six I bid, you did not hear;"
 Who dares dispute the truth; I'm sure not I,
 For would I think a lady e'er could lie?

Hence a new sale began—with double rage
 On conquest bent, the combatants engage;

Just the same part they acted o'er again,
 Till Dolotea bid up two pounds ten!
 The contest here the youngest fair declin'd,
 And to her elder the bright prize resign'd:
 O then what joy fill'd Dolotea's breast!
 Th' ecstatic raptures plainly stood confest;
 Her fears remov'd, supreme delight took place,
 Beam'd in her eyes, and redd'n'd in her face,
 As to convey the glitt'ring baubles home,
 She carried them in triumph from the room.

But Oh! the sequel of the story hear,
 Prepare the lawn to dry the falling tear,
 Ye gentle fair, whose breasts with softness glow,
 And thro' whose veins sweet streams of pity flow.
 The valu'd purchase (hapless was the case)
 Was on its journey to its destin'd place,
 There to remain 'midst china, gems, and plate;
 When some sly demon envious of its fate,
 In human form array'd, mixt in a throng,
 Thro' which the luckless bearer trudg'd along,
 With all his force collected 'gainst him run,
 And broke those trophies late so dearly won.

THE COT OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

DOWN at the foot of yon wide spreading wood,
 That shades half the valley below;
 Long had an ivy-thatch'd tenement stood,
 Where Anna the lovely, and Oswald the good,
 Liv'd, strangers to envy and woe;
 Morality's lesson, the innocent tale,
 Oft past a sweet hour in the Cot of the Vale,

2

Fair Anna, her father's sole comfort and joy,
 Was courted by many a swain;
 Contentment's felicity never can cloy,
 She would not for wealth that contentment destroy,
 And rejected each hand with disdain;
 True filial affection o'er love did prevail,
 And to love she preferr'd the sweet Cot of the Vale.

3

The lord of the manor, resolv'd to ensnare
 This maid deck'd in nature's gay charms,
 One day as he watch'd round the cottage with care,
 He saw lovely Anna, enchantingly fair,
 And bore her away in his arms:
 Old Oswald deserted, her loss did bewail,
 And sorrowing left the dear Cot of the Vale.

4

Despairing to find her, he sank on the spot,
 And call'd on her name as he fell,
 And now, see, dishevell'd she enters the cot,
 She falls on the body, resign'd to her lot,
 And of life takes a lasting farewell.
 The tribute of penitence nought can avail,
 For they lie in one grave near the Cot of the Vale.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London,
 at the New-York Hair-Powder
 and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
 No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
 Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (*Musical Repository*, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the *Onega Chief*, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of **PIANO FORTES**, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following **NEW SONGS**:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere—Evelina's Lullaby—Poor Mary—The Village Coquette—Once happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule without control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale—The Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's Work—The fair Huntress—the Blackbird—the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—Adown, adown, in the Valley—Little spinning's in Love—Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—With a great variety of Music for different instruments.

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